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THE NEW UNITY

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For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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I said in my heart: I am sick of four walls
and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up, and get me away where the hawk is
wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
. . . . . .

The dogwood calls me, and the sudden trill
That breaks in apple-blooms down country roads,
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day;
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads.
. . . . . .

. . . surely in the blind deep-buried roots
Of all men's souls to-day
A secret quiver shoots;
An underground compulsion of new birth
Lays hold upon the dark core of our being;
And unborn blossoms urge their uncomprehended
way
Toward the outer day —
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
The darkness in us is aware
Of something potent burning through the earth,
Of something vital in the procreant air."

—*RICHARD HOVEY*

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

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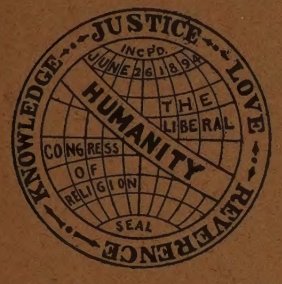
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1898. NUMBER 13



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Whosoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks to be the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting with other units the general power which works out social changes, and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his inmost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may.—HERBERT SPENCER.

Gladstone has gone! The Grand Old Man of England is no longer. But one of the great men, maybe all things considered, the greatest man of the century in the realms of public life, remains. No longer is he to be circumscribed by race, political, or language limitation. His is the greatness which humanity eventually confidently claims. It is not for us to print this week the extended word which the occasion deserves and we must content ourselves with this passing word of love and admiration for one who has become a light forever. He brought splendid powers into the service of liberty. He was a man large enough to make mistakes, to profit by the same and to correct them; a man who was alive and kept living to the end. Such men as Gladstone have no successors, but their work is continued not in one but in million lives.

A writer in whom our readers have confidence, pronounces the ode to which we give place on our title page, "one of the most perfect gems of the season." Let others study it and judge.

Dr. Hirsch holds a symposium in the *Reform Advocate* in which is discussed the nature of the prejudice against Jews, to what extent it exists in this country, and how to deal with it. There is at least this to be said, that this form of race prejudice has immensely decreased in America during the last fifty years rather than increased. The proper method of dealing with it is suggested by Simon Wolff of Washington; that is, "To do our duty as citizens, to vindicate by our conduct that we are not aliens, but citizens imbued with the loftiest spirit of patriotism and of the civic virtues that adorn and grace mankind." We may add that a few score such men as Rabbi Hirsch or Rabbi Felsenthal would succeed in entirely wiping out the last vestige of anti-Semitism that exists in American sentiment.

The recent gift of over $1,000,000 to Columbia University by Mr. Loubat, does not wait for his decease, but is conditioned on the payment to himself of $60,000 a year during his life. The property is now earning more than this sum, so that the trustees get a handsome surplus at once, besides being made secure of the capital at the death of the testator. This is a new plan, and is well worth the consideration of men of wealth. In other words, it is a combination of investment with beneficence. Mr. Loubat, while endowing the university during his life, also makes himself secure for a good income so long as he lives.

It has fallen to Alfred Tennyson to reap all the honors of the Tennyson family. But where can one find a more perfect sonnet than this from a volume by Tennyson's brother, Frederick?

"'T is not for golden eloquence I pray,
A god-like tongue to move a stony heart;
Full fain am I to dwell with thee apart
In solitary uplands far away,
And through the blossoms of a bloomy spray
To gaze upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature in a wild and pathless place.
And if it were that I should once array,
In words of magic woven curiously,
All the deep gladness of a summer morn,
Or rays of evening that light up the lea
On dewy days of spring, or shadows borne
Athwart the forehead of an autumn noon—
Then I would die and ask no better boon."

President Draper of Illinois University has received a call to the superintendency of the schools of Greater New York, and he refused it. He says: "This state university is the head of the Illinois school system. Its work is of the highest pub-

lic concern. There is as much call for good educational work in this state as elsewhere. In view of this, I owe much to the interests that center here, if it is in my power to serve them. I do not want to remain here until people want me to go; but with all the forbearance and all the support which has been given me, I am content to risk it a little longer." We give this from Doctor Draper because we believe that he is engaged at a point the most vital to our present school system. Above everything else, we need to-day the creation of state school systems, reaching by steady grade from kindergartens to state universities. Most of our states are still suffering from disorganization or incomplete organization. Let Doctor Draper be sustained in making Illinois famous for its schools.

"Anniversary Week."

It looks as though the above caption will not always carry with it a Boston implication. Even Chicago unconsciously seems drifting into the happy habit. Last week the Congregationalists, the Universalists and the Unitarians met in conference simultaneously, and there was the further coincidence of their all meeting on the West Side. The Congregationalists were of course the larger body and commanded most attention in the papers. They were also probably engaged at this conference in the most vital work, for here certainly the old and the new were in loving but open and earnest contention. Delegates were vigilant and speakers were in earnest. It looked at one time as though there might be a drawn battle over the living question as to what place Universalism has inside of the Congregationalist fellowship. There were some earnest brethren, particularly from the country districts, who were determined to force the conference to face what they considered "the danger of orthodoxy." They were determined to legislate against the growing laxity in this direction. They would fain expurgate orthodoxy of the dangerous heresy that the infinite love may be equal to the great emergency, and that it will eventually bring to itself every wayward child of man. THE NEW UNITY, having no reporter at these meetings, must await the published proceedings in the denominational papers before it can record the final outcome; but evidently the spirit of progress and the tuition of the Holy Ghost, working in the minds as well as the hearts of this generation, was not to be quenched by resolutions, and whatever the creeds may say, the faith of the Congregationalist churches is a growing one, their fellowship is a widening one, and their meetings are made alive by growing thought.

The Universalist meetings were held under the auspices of the Woman's Organization for Illinois, and there does not seem to have been any hot questions, consequently there probably was not much life generated, for heat is always the sign of life, cold the indication of death. It is a negation. There is no life except where there is warmth.

The Unitarian meetings enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of harmony. Aside from the routine work there were no questions raised that would provoke much difference of opinion. Mr. Fenn's paper on "The Place of Jesus in Modern Religious Thought," was an able critical study of the christology of such men as Fairbairn, Gordon and Lyman Abbott, but in that presence, at least, there could be but one opinion, and that was that Mr. Fenn had exposed the transitional character of the thought of these people. Rabbi Stolz, who followed in the discussion, also carried the thought of the audience in his own thought. The conference was a happy social event. The hospitality of the Third Church is proverbial in the traditions of the conference, and this year it was twice happy in its new home with the new all on. The architecture of the new church is sufficiently unique to provoke study and to suspend judgment. The Sunday night dedication service was pronounced by those present as being one of the most pleasing of the series of pleasant meetings. Secretary Eliot of Boston preached the sermon as announced in our last. On Monday night the opening sermon of the conference was given by Mr. Blake, whose long loyalty makes him a veteran in the fellowship. On Tuesday morning the officers reported a fairly prosperous year. All the current expenses were paid, but the five hundred dollars on the back indebtedness pledged, was unmet. Tuesday afternoon the Sunday School Society held its meeting. It quietly rounded out its twenty-fifth year. It has always been a forehanded, wisely administered organization, has seldom been in trouble financially or otherwise, and has always been pushing forward.

Not much new light in this discussion was thrown upon the old problem of the graded course which has been on hand with great persistency for a quarter of a century, although the old readiness to talk upon it and the old interest in the discussion proved that it is yet an unsolved problem to many. On Tuesday evening the largest audience of the session gathered at the installation of the new pastor, Mr. F. C. Southworth. Mr. Crothers seemed younger than in the old western days, and everybody was glad that he came all the way from Boston to give the sermon. His word was a wise one and a large one, which made the church the outward expression of the spirit of the living God. A layman welcomed Mr. Southworth to the church, Mr. Fenn welcomed him to the Unitarian fellowship, and Mr. Jones to the city of Chicago, while Mr. Eliot of Boston gave the congratulations to the people.

Mr. Elliott of Hinsdale spoke the word of prayer and Miss Gordon read the Scripture.

It was good to see the old faces under whitening heads — President Shorey, Mr. Effinger, Father Covell, the patriarch of the band, Mr. Miller, with a lessening line of laymen similarly haloed. The sisterhood in the ministry were well represented, Miss Safford, Miss Gordon, Miss Hultin, Miss Buck, Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Woolley, and for the first time in the conference circle were greeted the new sister ministers, Miss Collson and Miss Jenny, both from Iowa.

Of the closing and new feature, a ministers' meeting at the Hull Memorial Chapel, we cannot speak, and so we wait, hoping that some one who was present will favor our columns with a report from the inside. The following are the officers-elect of the two bodies for the next year. THE NEW UNITY gives to them its good wishes and co-operation. Its columns will ever be at their service.

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.— President, A. W. Gould; Vice-President, Mrs. M. H. Perkins; Treasurer, Albert Scheible; Secretary, Miss Mary Lord.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE. — President, Daniel L. Shorey; Vice-President, the Rev. Elinor Gordon, Iowa City; Secretary, the Rev. A. W. Gould; Treasurer, H. W. Brough; Directors, the Rev. John R. Effinger, the Rev. A. W. Gould, the Rev. F. L. Hosmer, St. Louis; the Rev. E. A. Coil, Marietta, O.; J. W. Hosmer, H. W. Brough. To the Liberal Congress meeting at Omaha, Rev. A. W. Gould.

Camp Collins, near Williams Bay on Lake Geneva, is becoming one more prominent summer center for high things. Mrs. John Vance Cheney conducts there a summer school of music and oratory. The Forward Movement in Chicago will have a conference on sociology from July 23d to the 31st. Miss Ida Hefron will conduct a conference on "Art;" Dr. Alice B. Stockholm on "Ideal Education," and the World's Unity League will hold a peace congress—something much needed in these days, for however immersed in war we may be, the heart must hold hard to its ideals, and be loyal to the benign spirit of harmony which is the spirit of God.

Tower Hill Summer School.

This work is so intimately associated with the interests of THE NEW UNITY and so identical in its management, that our readers must not be surprised if the editor of THE NEW UNITY and the leader of the summer school should occasionally become confused in these columns. The announcement of the Tower Hill resting-place appears in another column. At the present time the following general features of the summer school will suffice: Saturday, August 13th will be "Farmer's Day" under the auspices of the Good Road Bureau of the League of American Wheelmen. On Sunday, August 14th, the school will be opened with religious exercises in the pavilion, with a sermon from the leader, and addresses by others. Sunday, August 21st, will be Young People's Day—in the forenoon, an address of welcome by Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, of the Hillside Home School; a sermon to young people by Miss Mary McDowell, of the University Settlement of Chicago; in the afternoon there will be addresses by a representative of the State University and others; on Sunday, August 28th, the annual Grove meeting, which has been a feature in that community for over twenty years. It will be a miniature congress, at which representatives of varying faiths will blend their word in a common aspiration and fellowship. During the week-days, two hours in each forenoon will be given to the study of "Life Problems in Great Poems," led by Mr. Jones. The afternoons will alternate between field work and pavilion studies in forestry, led by J. L. Hartwell, of the Dixon, Illinois, Horticultural Society; B. S. Hoxie, Secretary of the Wisconsin Forestry Commission, Hon. R. L. Joiner, and others. In the evening Mr. Jones will give a course of five lectures on some sociological novels, viz.: George Eliot's "Felix Holt," Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady," Howell's "Visit to Altruria," and Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," a metrical novel. These lectures will be given on alternate evenings. Other lectures may be looked for on the intervening evenings. Saturday evenings will be given to singing re-unions, under the direction of Miss Harriet Elizabeth Brown, of Chicago. Miss Anna Shryver, of the Normal School of Ypsilanti, and Miss Amalie Hofer, of the Kindergarten Institute of Chicago, will assist in the program, with a special view to inspiring public school teachers with a love of nature and an appreciation of the ethical element in life, the former dealing with "What to See and How to Look," the latter, "How to Awaken the Mind and Direct its Forces." Dr. O. G. Libby, of the State University, will also be on hand to continue the study of "The Birds in the Trees," and it is hoped Prof. E. C. Perisho, of the Platteville Normal School, will be present to continue the interest in local geology.

The aim all around will be not to do much work but to do good work. We expect not a crowd but a company, and only those who love quiet surroundings, simple living, and seek quality rather than quantity in culture, need expect to find what they want.

The following as to the business of it: A matriculation fee of two dollars admits to the privileges of the school. Rooms in long houses can be secured for five dollars for the two weeks; tents with floors,

large enough for two, for four dollars; large tents proportionately. Board at the dining-room for the two weeks seven dollars. All applications for tents should be made early to T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; for board and long houses up to the first of July, to Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago; for information concerning classes, etc., to the leader of the summer school, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"Unity's" Christening.

DEAR UNITY:—I always prefer to ignore the *New* and speak of you by your old name, even when I I am not, as now, going to speak to yourself *about* your name. On your twentieth birthday last March, when the friends far and near sent rejoicings that you had permitted yourself to be born, Charles Wendte of California, and M. J. Miller of Geneseo, Ill., told stories of your christening. Miller told how "a zealous company, twenty years ago, pondered and guessed as to the name for the new born. We separated and mused. I wrote '*The Unity*.' But another with finer prescience called its name UNITY, and so it was christened, a joy in many hearts." Wendte had a thrilling account of "a meeting of three western Unitarian ministers in a room in Boston, twenty years ago, in a summer vacation," all three youthfully full of enthusiasm for a New Unitarianism. "The little missionary venture of a year or two before, the *Pamphlet Mission*, was to have a new birth as an enlarged journal of the new religious thought. But a name was still lacking. For two hours we sat and considered the various ones which had occurred to us, or been suggested by others. At length Jenkin Lloyd Jones, with happy inspiration, exclaimed, 'Let us call it *Unity*, and naught else.' Wm. C. Gannett's grave and perplexed face kindled with pleasure, and the present writer was so elated with the proposed solution of their difficulties that he seized Jones around the waist and danced him around the room in very exuberance of spirits, to Jones' stentorian laughter. As I said, we were twenty years younger then than now. And that is the story of your baptism."

Now, I don't mean to call a story with so much verisimilitude as all that a "legend." Doubtless Wendte and Jones had their waltz, and Jones roared —he can—and the other one gleamed, over *something*. But a different tradition about that baptism—about a thousand miles different—has long had the right of way in the memory of those most concerned, and I suspect it must still claim to be truth. The story has been told two or three times in old *Unities;* see the numbers for March 3, 1888, and March 1, 1890, the paper's tenth and twelfth birthdays. From these accounts let me quote:

"It soon became apparent that the *Pamphlet Mission* must outgrow that name; the field was larger and somewhat different from that it first meant to fill. What to call it was the absorbing question of the first six months. Names were dropped into hats, balloted for, corresponded upon, discussed in bulk and detail; they came singly and in squads" (here, doubtless, came in Mr. Miller's suggestion), "but no one seemed charged with just the message until one day Simmons was to run up from Kenosha, Jones to drop down from Janesville, to conjunct with Gannett, who was *en route* from Chicago,—all three to spend an afternoon at Harvard Junction in consultation over the destiny of the still unnamed baby that was provisionally known as *Pamphlet Mission*. While Simmons and Jones were waiting, sitting on a lumber-pile on a hot summer day, the heavens opened and the name descended. Once it presented itself, it was recognized instantly as the heaven-appointed. The belated member of the trio was greeted with, '*The name is found!*' 'That 's so!' was the response. So at the beginning of the second volume, September 1, 1878, 'UNITY' was placed at the head of the page."

So to all whom it concerns be it known, and by them remembered, that the christening place of UNITY was Harvard Junction, Wisconsin; the font was a lumber-pile; the date (this supplied from Simmons' diary), June 11, 1878; the parents were Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Henry Martyn Simmons; the godfather, "belated" as usual, W. C. Gannett; the possible grandfather, Milton J. Miller. Even the Boston version, as good myths should, conforms to the facts in two points—in crediting Jones with name-giving, and in recording the fact that, as the name was announced, the heavens and the earth sang together!

But it 's not much of a baby that is n't twice born, our orthodox friends hold; and famous *enough* ones, like Homer, may be born in five or six places. So Wendte may somehow be right, after all—especially if Jones were in Boston that summer. But I hope that the Biographical Dictionaries, whatever they say about Boston and that waltz, will remember Wisconsin and the lumber-pile.

I am sorry, dear UNITY, that my greeting was not sent among the others on your "Twentieth." I failed to pay due attention to the summons, partly thinking, in old-fashioned way, of the twenty-first birthday as the more natural jubilee. Do you mean to jubilate over again, then? Perhaps you will celebrate then by starting on some fresh voyage of hope and discovery. Yours *was* a voyage of discovery, and the New Unitarianism of to-day owes much to your shallop-boat explorations. Perhaps you will celebrate then by dropping your "New," and returning to the old, simple, large "UNITY." Whatever you do, may the manhood's voyage be as high-hearted in purpose as that of your youth! And it will be.

W. C. GANNETT.

The Ethical Word.

"Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep, mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp, which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp."

—*George Eliot.*

Why is it that many people have such unethical conceptions of Deity? It would seem as if their "God-sense" and their "ethical sense" did not fit together at all. Their Deity is often quite unworthy of their Moral Ideal. Does it not show that the God-sense and the ethical sense started from two opposite poles—without any common origin at all? Can it be that they have never met, although ever approaching? Then what would bring them together? They *almost* met in the Greek poets—and then fell apart again. They nearly came together in Christianity, but not quite. And now that we have "Science," are they drawing apart once more, or . . . ?

I wonder whether the unethical conceptions of Deity are not owing in part to the mistake of trying to tell children about "God." It is hard for us ever to get beyond fancies or pictures given to us when we were quite young. Words are like persons; once impressions are given us with regard to them, they *stick;* heaven and earth cannot altogether change them. As a rule, the child's God must be his God to the end of his life. But the child has a feeble ethical sense; he is running through the prehistoric stages when conscience scarcely existed. And it is in that state of his half-awakened soul that ordinarily we undertake to give him his conception of Deity. A thought which even the mind that is most mature can only faintly catch hold of, and never fully grasps, is offered to us before we begin to think at all. Is it strange that a man's Theory of Right should be far ahead of his Theory of "God."

Why is it that we do not feel obliged to judge the ancient world by the same conscience with which we judge ourselves or the world of to-day? Ought we to do this? Are we justified in excusing Socrates, Marcus Aurelius or St. Paul, for what we would not be willing to excuse men of our own time? After all, if a man lives up to the light he has, or to all the light he can get, then is he not true and without blame? I think of conscience as a light within the inmost soul of the human creature; but on the other hand as a light that has shed its rays only on certain phases of life at one time. After it has once lighted up any special corner of existence, then for a man to ignore it and live as if all were darkness there, would be sin and crime. Certain phases of life were ethically all dark to the ancient world, while other portions were brilliantly illumed. Where the light struck, there some of the old heroes were sublime in their nobility and their martyrdom.

But is it not encouraging that this light of conscience does go on expanding from age to age; with each new epoch throwing its rays out further, shedding its gleams on other institutions which had once been in darkness? When the light once strikes anywhere, man sees and begins to blush with shame for the evil that he had not been conscious of before. This thought of the *growing* light of conscience is to me an inspiration; it gives us so much hope and points so glowingly to the future. Even to-day there are institutions, phases of personal life or of society, where this light seems not yet to have penetrated, where all is so much in shadow that man may still look and no sense of shame come over him.

But what a crime it is for any man to excuse himself to-day on the ground of evils existing in the early world! The individual who refuses to see the light where it shines, who goes on insisting that it is still dark there, surely that individual deserves to perish into the oblivion of a land of utter darkness—"a darkness so thick that it might be felt." The glory of the early heroes was that so far as it lay in their power they held up the light of conscience as high as it could be raised, and let it shine out as far as its rays *under those circumstances* might carry. We can hold it higher to-day and make its light go further. And it behooves us to walk in the footsteps of the old heroes and live up to the new light wherever it shines.

Why is it that so many people nowadays, when letting go the old superstitions which they despised, are ready enough to take up new superstitions in their place? How shall we account for the circumstance that these people who call themselves "rationalists" choose the more far-fetched explanations rather than the ones near at hand? If it must be a choice between some of the wild crudities of the new pet theories offered us on all hands, or the gods of my forefathers, then I must choose to stay with my forefathers. These new religious "isms" are enough to make one's heart sick. Psychology could dissipate three-quarters of these fantastic, grotesque

theories if people would only let the light of plain common sense shine.

I hear of persons, for instance, being "under influence," as it is called,—it being assumed that they are talking through some supernatural power, reciting verse or giving voice to utterances in a way they would never act under ordinary circumstances. The psychologist knows that it is a peculiar state of mind which has existed in all ages, with nothing supernatural, nothing especially extraordinary about it, save what may occur under conditions of a peculiar excitement, or when a part of the consciousness becomes *detached*, as it were, and acts quite by itself. We may not do these things every day, because usually other elements of the consciousness are there to keep us in balance. But the explanations of these experiences may often be worse than the superstitions of the old pagan world. If men will go back to the gods of three or four thousand years ago, then at best do not let them call these "gods" by the name of "Science." If we are going to have mysteries, then let them be in keeping with the extent of our new horizon. Spare us from the puerile crudities which perhaps even Homer would have smiled at, and which Plato would have despised.

Many of these crude, pet theories that are going the round of the world to-day do not come from the thought side of human nature at all, although they go under the name of some new philosophy. As a matter of fact they come through the reverberations of pre-historic feelings, leading people to adopt opinions held by men in a former savage state. In such fantastic standpoints they are not using the enlightenment which has come during the last two thousand years, much less the new enlightenment of to-day, but are falling back on worn-out feelings that belong to the *amœbe* stage of existence.

I wonder, by the way, whether there cannot be such a disease as appendicitis of the soul. Why not? Is n't it reasonable to suppose that there remain peculiar survivals in the psychic life of the individual, which no longer have any use, but which under unusual conditions may become inflamed, causing a diseased condition of the mind and leading to these grotesque doctrines or religious vagaries afloat at the present time? But the pity of it is that as yet no physician of the soul has found out a method for dealing with this appendicitis and removing the useless organ within the consciousness. There it must stay even though the soul may die because of its presence. Spare us from this *spiritual appendicitis!*

Why is it that the people nowadays do not apply psychology more often to the subject of crime and criminology? What makes us talk so foolishly about the criminal class, as if a certain set of persons were exclusively set apart to be addicted to crime? The man who first set afloat that term, the "criminal class," ought to be shut up in the penitentiary with the very persons he has sought to describe. The "criminal class," as such, is small in numbers—meaning by this the men who are quite sure to commit crime under any circumstances. But the criminal *tendencies* exist universally in human nature. There is something of this in every one of us, man, woman and child. The petty selfishness, of which we all show traces, is the incipient crime. When it reaches large proportions, when it becomes glaring, then it lands one in prison. But there are acts of callous indifference, of hard-hearted selfishness, as bad as house burglary, although the law may take no cognizance thereof. For every man in a penitentiary there are two or three more outside who deserve to be there. This way of dividing the world off into the criminal and the non-criminal class, is just the method for increasing the amount of crime.

I do not wish to make any plea for the criminal. He will get small pity from me. But then I have just as little pity for the criminal element in those outside of the penitentiaries as I do for those inside. These people, who care only for their own colossal selves, would break any statute if they dared. Oftentimes the difference between the man in the penitentiary and the man on the outside is simply a question of daring. Criminality does not begin necessarily in an inherited disposition to defy the law; it starts with old-fashioned, average, every-day, commonplace, human selfishness. Reduce this characteristic in the world, and you will reduce "crime."

Do you want to read about criminology? Begin with "Crime and Its Causes," by Rev. W. D. Morrison. He is now probably the foremost authority on the subject in the English-speaking world. Then go to Poole's Index and look up every article on the subject of crime ever written by Mr. Morrison. He is still a young man, under forty years of age, I should say, and a man of the highest culture. He was chaplain at the Wandsworth prison in London when I saw him a few years ago. I do not know what position he holds now.

The other authority in our world is *our* Mr. Brockaway at the Elmira Reformatory. But alas, he does not write; he only *plans* and *builds*. It is an epoch in one's life to go through that institution under his personal guidance, and to feel the charm of his genius. Saddest of all, Mr. Brockaway is now an old man, and he leaves no successor!

The second work to read is a masterpiece of its kind as giving an outline of the whole subject—"Criminal Sociology," by Ferri. It is there that you come upon the famous classification of criminals, which is so often cited nowadays.

Then you will want to learn about methods of punishing crime, and about the prison systems of

the world. The authority for that subject is near at hand—Frederick H. Wines of Illinois. Read his "Punishment and Reformation."

As for the personal characteristics of the criminal, his emotional nature, his slang, his habits of life, the whole subject of criminal anthropology—physical and psychical, it is all well told in the work entitled "The Criminal," by Havelock Ellis, in the Contemporary Science Series.

But this is not enough. Along with the above you must read the story of a great life. Feel the soul within you grow large as you read the biography of the prison reformer, John Howard.

If you care to go further into the subject, you might turn to the classic of the last century, a short work bearing the title "Crimes and Punishments," by Beccaria. It was an epoch-making book. You will find it translated, along with the life of Beccaria, in the volume entitled "Crimes and Punishments," by J. A. Farrer.

You may care to know something about the statistics of the subject. In this case you will get some valuable figures in the chapter on "Crime" in the volume "Statistics of Sociology," by Richmond Mayo-Smith. He is an authority, and can be trusted; which is more than can be said of most persons handling statistics. As a rule, in studying sociology beware of the people who deal with figures.

Do you wish to look a little into the subject of criminal law? Then read the first few chapters in the volume on "The Common Law," by O. W. Holmes—the son of our dear and great and never-to-be-forgotten Oliver Wendell Holmes. But most of all see the famous chapter on "The Early History of Delict and Crime," in "Ancient Law," by Henry Sumner Maine.

If you want to know something about crime among the young, go to the volume "Juvenile Offenders," also by Rev. W. D. Morrison. Whatever he says must be read and thought over.

Then you may also care to investigate the subject of "woman" and crime. If so, the greatest of all criminologists of modern times has written upon it. Read "The Female Offender," by Cesar Lombroso, who during the last few years has set all the world talking about "Atavism."

Are you interested in looking into the *theory* of punishment, what it is for and what justifies it? Then see the chapter on "Remedies for Wrongs," in Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics." He is high authority. Read also the more complete survey of the subject in the chapter entitled "The Punitive Power of the State," in "Political Science," by Theodore Woolsey.

As for the *sentiment* side, in a plea for the criminal, nothing surpasses the chapters on "The Fall," about the "Good Bishop," in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." It is beautiful. But be cautious! Good psychology knows naught of such a character as "Jean Valjean."

Besides this, do not fail to read the article by Lombroso on "Crime and Criminology," in the *Forum* for 1895.

If you have read all the above, you may be in a position to preach at least one sermon on the subject of crime—but not before.

There is plenty more besides. Be slow with your sermons and plentiful with your reading. W. L. S.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Inward Fires.

My heart would sing for joy!
A friendly hand is reached
And lights earth's dull annoy!
Kindness is at me flung,
Better than song e'er sung
Or sermon ever preached.

'T is not the gift I prize:
It is the heart behind.
O men and women! rise
To understand how more
Is Love than golden ore!
Too long men's souls are blind.

With nobleness meet all!
Thou hast undreamed return
In lifting feet that fall,
In rescuing the faint:
No artist-hand can paint
The fires that inward burn.

And inward fires alone
Are those that warm us long.
Nought outward can atone
For sinking in the sea
Love's opportunity!—
Thus sings my heart its song.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Regal Green Vaults at Dresden.

One of the many attractions to which the sight-seer's attention is called when visiting the little kingdom of Saxony is the famous collection of antiquities on exhibition in what is known as the "Regal Green Vaults" at Dresden. Many tourists, however, being ignorant of what is contained in this renowned museum, turn their footsteps toward the celebrated art gallery (of which few cities in continental Europe can boast a finer or choicer exhibit), forgetting or not knowing that but a few blocks distant may be found one of the rarest collections of unique valuables on the continent of Europe, and conceded by critics to be comparable only to the renowned collection at Vienna. Some of the finest specimens of the art world, from the sixteenth to the commencement of the eighteenth century, are deposited in the "Regal Palace" at Dresden.

Here, also, are the jewels and the silverplate belonging to the royal family, together with some one hundred and fifty rare old bronzes in statues, groups and models, representing in part copies of ancient sculpture. This choice collection of treasures, so varied and rare, has been partly purchased and partly inherited, while many articles have been received as presents from royal personages. Some of them were obtained during the reign of King Augustus II. from the various collections of Bellori-Albani and others, while later additions were from the museum of Count Bruehl. The Elector Augustus is supposed to be the founder of this museum, the contents of which it would be impossible to describe minutely, so voluminous have they become as past ages have added little by little to the art treasures of which Dresden to-day is so justly proud. With respect to the origin of the curious name given to this museum, it is certain that it did not originate,

has has been supposed, from the celebrated "green diamond" preserved in the jewelry salon, because this name, so history tells us, is already mentioned in an old inventory of the year 1610. It is believed, however, on good authority that the apartments owe their name to the original color of the vaults themselves. The structure in which these priceless treasures are deposited is divided into eight rooms, each being classified according to its contents—thus the first room, the "Bronzen-zimmer," contains one hundred or more bronzes of different sizes and rare designs. The second room, "Elfenbein-Zimmero, or ivory room, contains a magnificent collection" of ivories, said to be one of the richest in all Europe, and consists of nearly five hundred choice articles, some of which are turned, while the greater portion are beautifully carved, some of the latter in relief, which are deemed more interesting for having been constructed in the Middle Ages. Room third, the "Kamin-zimmer" (chimney apartment), is filled with mosaics, enamels, ambers, corals, shells, and various designs in mother-of-pearl. A fine collection of mosaics embraces exquisite specimens of antique and modern, as well as Florentine and Roman workmanship. The Florentine mosaics are said to be twenty times more expensive than the Roman. In this room are also found many very beautiful designs painted in enamel—the art of which was only known to the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Romans. The fourth room, "Silber-zimmer" (silver chamber), we enter next, and here we are told that the "green vaults" have been named by the color in which this room is painted. It contains a choice collection of vessels from pure gold, gilt-silver, and filigree work, with clocks made between the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. The former articles are used upon festive occasions by way of ornamentation at full-dress balls and swell dinner parties of the Saxon court. Here, also, may be seen a famous clock made by Andrew Schellhorn, of Schnéeberg, Saxony, in the year 1570; also a baptismal basin of wondrous beauty, composed of silver-gilt, and still used at the christenings of the royal family. This *chef d'œuvre* was fashioned in the year 1613 by Daniel Kellerthaler, a celebrated goldsmith of Dresden. Passing on to the fifth room, the "Preziosen-saal" (salon of precious stones), or the "large hall," as it is called more commonly, we find the apartment decorated in white and gold, and containing a vast collection of costly vessels made of second-class stones, cameos and gems, with a great variety of articles in rock-crystal. A large antique cameo, a portrait of Tiberius or Cæsar Octavius Augustus, carved in onyx-stone and elegantly set in gold, made in the seventeenth century. Goblets in gilt-silver, adorned with antique cameos, a glass case filled with cornelians, jaspers, chalcedony, and onyx; snuff boxes, cups, knives, spoons, and many other articles both useful and ornamental which are so dear to the hearts of the Saxon royalty. But to give a detailed account of what is contained in either of these rooms would consume too much time and space, hence we pass on to the sixth and seventh rooms, which are filled with carvings in ivory and half-precious stones, with a quantity of misshapen oriental pearls.

The eighth and last room of the "green vaults," contains perhaps the rarest and most costly objects of the entire collection. The decorations of this room are far superior to those of any other apartment. A corner closet painted in red and gold, however, may be said to present a somewhat bizarre appearance, not altogether pleasing to the cultivated eye from an artistic standpoint. Here are deposited the "crown jewels" of Saxony, a half-dozen or more first-class precious stones, which are not surpassed in size and purity by any others in all Europe.

Several pure white diamonds, together with the far-famed "green diamond," rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, comprise the famous collection. We are told that the king and queen of Saxony may wear any of these jewels at pleasure, and that they are quite frequently seen adorned with them upon high festal occasions. We venture the above imperfect description of this wonderful museum, which, like most other things in the Old World, must be seen to be appreciated.

MARY F. STRONG.

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF THE NEW UNITY: In your issue of April 28th you, editorially, allude to George Müller's work at Bristol, England, in taking care of and bringing up 40,000 orphans, and spending $6,000,000 therefor, without having ever solicited one cent. You say: "Mr. Müller and God did the work far more efficiently than most of our great beneficiary organizations, which make a vast stir in the world, and do a vast amount of begging."

Mr. Müller always asserted that he carried on his work through faith in, and prayer to, God without asking any help from man; and that work has often been pointed at as a remarkable instance of divine help in answer to prayer.

Is it true that Mr. Müller performed his work without asking help of mankind?

It was my good fortune to meet that gentleman in Quebec some fifteen years ago when he was making a trip through Canada. He impressed me as a thoroughly sincere, earnest man, whose whole heart was in his mission. He did not introduce the subject to strangers, but, whenever approached, he was always ready to talk about his work, and he made it very evident that he was in want of funds. He also distributed circulars, giving an account of his work, and stating his urgent need of money, in all parts of the hotel, wherever they would be likely to meet the eyes of the guests. He told me he had then spent $4,500,000, supporting over 20,000 orphans in Bristol, a dozen missionaries, as many Sunday-schools, and several Bible-distributing societies in various parts of the world. He said "he had sometimes become reduced to one barrel of flour at his orphanage, but that he never knew despair, being sure that God would send help in season, which He always did."

He gave me a yearly report, which showed that he and his friends advertised his cause in every possible manner, and he tried therein to prove that those who gave money in His aid were especially blessed of God. The report contained dozens of letters from all sorts of tradesmen, throughout England, stating that their business had been very small, until

they had vowed to the Lord that they would give a certain number of pence for every pound of coffee, sugar or tea sold, or a certain percentage of their profits to Mr. Müller's work, when suddenly their business marvelously increased. Several persons promised a votive offering for every child born to them, when lo! a large family was vouchsafed them. In all cases the money so vowed seemed to have been religiously paid, and the plain intimation to all readers was, if thou wilt prosper—"Go thou and do likewise."

Mr. Müller evidently did not believe in entering his closet and praying to Him who seeth in secret. He prayed as it were in the highways and synagogues, where he could be heard of men, where his wants would become known. While he may have deceived himself with the idea that he was only asking of God, he certainly took pains that mankind should hear the petition. In this I think he was right; he believed in his mission, and believed that mankind ought to help him, and he took worldly means to make his wants known. I believe God helps those who strive to help themselves; and the best prayer to Him for success is to work for that success with the means [our powers] which He has given us. What I do not like about Mr. Müller was his attempt to prove that his whole success was due entirely to his personal appeals to God for help.

JAMES W. BARTLETT.

Dover, N. H., May 16, 1898.

The Sunday School.

Oft have I wondered at the fearless heart
With which strong men and tender women go
To meet great Death; but now I seem to know
The secret of their courage. 'Tis a part
Of their whole life, the end of all thou art,
O Nature, to their souls. The steady flow
Of time is ceaseless; thick thy hand doth sow
The void with stars, while from earth's bosom start
The lovely flowers, and there are trees and streams,
And women's faces and love's mystery,
And all these things are influences that give
The needed lesson. They are all foregleams
Of the one strangeness and the last. How be
Of death afraid when we have dared to live?

—*J. W. Chadwick.*

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XXI.—The Religion of Greece.

It is unnecessary for us to study in detail the religions of Greece and Rome as fully as we have studied other religions, because our children are already familiar with them. They are attended to by the schools. The curriculum of the old colleges was shaped around the religious life of Greece and Rome, and our modern institutions are far from slighting the ancient classics. The most orthodox preacher may weave Juno and Jupiter into his rhetoric, but when it is proposed to do the same with Buddha, or consider seriously the ethics of Zoroaster, we are promptly met with the objection, "What is the use? We have it all in our own Bible." This is easily explained by the fact that we have come down in a direct line of spiritual descent from Greece and Rome.

The Greeks were intensely idolatrous. Their sky was streaked with gods. There is an element of surprise in this fact. Idolatry, paganism, polytheism are bad words in Christian circles. Without an exception, save in the case of Greece, I believe the polytheists of the world have been people of a low state of development. But the Greeks retained their polytheism to the last. By common consent everywhere they were a people whose development in many respects had reached the highest point yet known. In art we still point to the works of Phidias as the high-water mark of sculpture. In architecture,

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone.

The Greek language in point of pliability and versatility is still unrivaled and unapproached. Yet these people were overwhelmed with the number and variety of their gods, which they persisted in imaging for any and every possible place and occasion. Instead of growing away from their primitive polytheistic conception, they developed it and made it so beautiful that its preservation was insured.

The explanation of this seeming paradox would appear to lie in the wonderfully developed sense of the beautiful in the Greek mind. Such a people had need of a multitude of gods for artistic purposes. For the uses of beauty twelve gods would be better than one, and a thousand would be better than twelve, and at least half must be feminine that they might the more readily lend themselves to art. And so we find on Mount Olympus a highly-elaborated family of gods and goddesses, the representations of which made up a large part of the variety and beauty of Greek life. The result was a glorified and idealized polytheism.

When Michael Angelo was about to paint the Sistine ceiling and wanted to show the creation of Adam and Eve, he could do it only by painting the Creator as a comely and imposing man. Nor could he paint light except as a protoplasmic female figure, just condensing into the human form. Yet nobody says Michael Angelo was a polytheist. So it may be that the Greeks loved to outline their gods in painting and sculpture, not because they believed in so many different forces, but because of their intense love of artistic expression.

Even we, with our inartistic natures, are not altogether removed from this fascination, for when we are touched by the ministrations of nature, we unconsciously drop into polytheism in our speech as naturally as did the Greeks in their art. We personate the sun, the moon, the wind and the seasons very promptly, and never accuse ourselves of irreligion in consequence of our free imagery.

The lesson is that even polytheism, even idolatry, which is only another word for idealism, may yield a very high ideal. This does not mean that we want our children to be polytheists, but that we recognize in polytheism an element worthy of our respect and admiration. The aim and outcome of our teaching ought to be a sense of brotherhood with all races and of sympathy with all religions.

Give more than thou takest—
It shall not be lost
That thou givest him most.

—*Koran.*

"Personality is the result or essence of assimilated pain and evil."

The Study Table.

Notes from the Study.

One of the most wonderful newspaper issues ever laid before the American public is the Africa number of *The Independent*, accompanied by a most admirable map of Africa. This comes to us for the date May 5th.

By some accident the publishers of "The Latimers" was omitted from the notice published in THE NEW UNITY. The book is superbly issued by George W. Jacobs and Co., of Philadelphia. "Victor Serenus," by Henry Wood, is published by Lee and Shepard of Boston. I recall these two volumes in justice to the authors and the books, as well as the publishers.

The *Scientific American* never sends out a feeble number, but occasionally one that is exceptionally strong. Of late it has given us specially valuable information bearing upon the war. In the number for May 7th there are articles on the Naval Appropriation bill, and on the Philippine Islands, and on our trade with Central and South American countries, that are of very general value. I am inclined to think that any one who wishes to have his boys interested in science cannot do better than to give them for weekly reading the *Scientific American*.

In the International Education Series the editor, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, appears with a volume entitled "Psychologic Foundations of Education"—an attempt to show the genesis of the higher faculties of the mind. Dr. Harris asserts that education has use for psychology only in so far as it shows the development of mind into higher activities, and the method of such development. The object of the book is to meet the difficulty which occurs from the fact that many psychologists happen to know and recognize only the lower faculties, and to be ignorant of all but the names of the higher ones. Dr. Harris asserts that education needs a psychology that will show how all activities, whether individual or social, react on children and men, so as to develop them. The book is by no means light reading. It is invaluable for leading educators, and close thinkers in all departments of intellectual work. To say that it is Harrisian, and includes many of the peculiarities of the great teacher who is now our Commissioner of Education, is not to reflect upon the value of the book. In a brief book review it is impossible to wisely enter into a discussion of specific points, even where the critic may differ from the author. It is one of the two or three best volumes in the series.

In the *New England Magazine* for May, we have an admirable article from our friend, Lewis G. James, on Samuel Gorton of Rhode Island. Editor Mead, discussing the war, finds it quite as difficult as many more of us, to yield abhorrence for brute-force contention; but he concludes that in his judgment the great mass of the American people have taken the position which they have taken in reference to Cuba, in obedience to righteous and heroic impulses, to instincts and convictions which are the safeguard of liberty and humanity. It is a curious fact, however, that many of those who a year ago were demanding that Europe should intervene for the Armenians, can see nothing altruistic or heroic or Christian in our interference for the Cubans. It is well, with Mr. Mead, to gird ourselves up with noble determination that the war shall not create in us a warlike spirit, or a readiness to run amuck through the world merely to show our power. "Let a united country do the solemn work that it has to do, and let it, in the work and when the work is done, consecrate itself anew to truth and soberness; to its own discipline and education, and to the education and service of mankind." We must add in all justice to divine providence, that a very large amount of education has up to the present time come to the human race out of strife and battle.

William T. Stead, the well-known author and editor, has dabbled in about every topic under the sun. With all the rest he has become an automatic writer; that is, he has loaned his hand to the unseen spirits, and they have used it to convey to the world about the usual amount of sense derived from that region. For one I should be exceedingly glad to get into communication with noble departed. But there is in this little volume of Mr. Stead's no good reason for supposing that intercourse between the two worlds or lives would be of any advantage to us. In this case the communications are altogether too much of the Steadish sort, to believe that they come from Julia, or Mary, or Fannie, or Socrates, or in fact from anybody else or anything else than Mr. Stead's own underconsciousness, or subconsciousness. A receipt is given whereby any one who chooses can enter into communication with the deceased. It amounts to nothing more than getting into a quiet room, locking the door, keeping still and remaining passive until the material world has become more or less subject to the spirit world, which constitutes a substantial part of the universe inside and outside of us. It is the doctrine of Jesus to shut the door and hold intercourse with the Father. There is nothing new in the method, but the exact result is doubtful.

Professor Adler, in the *International Journal of Ethics*, says some good things of the moral value of silence. He says: "The moral man is one who sees before his eyes the chart of his relationship to others, and especially the differences of the duties which he owes to others; and who tries to conform his speech and his actions to the directions of this chart. And it is evident that the man who tries to do this often, must allow intervals of silence to elapse before he acts or speaks; during which he considers the actual situation in the light of his ideal chart. The enemy of morality is impulse. Only to a very limited extent do we ever succeed in rationalizing our impulses—that is, in training them to move along the groove which reason prescribes." Mr. Adler thinks that Pythagoras was wise in demanding of his followers, that before being accepted into his brotherhood, they should preserve silence for five years. Do not the older nations develop a greater degree of reticence; and do not the younger ones let their tongues go ahead of deed largely from the spirit of youth?

E. P. P.

Vanity Fair.*

We have here the initial volume of a new edition of Thackeray's works. There cannot be too many such, so long as more editions mean more readers of this "kindly wag." The advantages of the present edition consist in its compactness, its moderate cost, its attractiveness, and pre-eminently in the biographical introductions to the successive volumes from the hand of the great novelist's daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The edition is called very properly "The Biographical Edition." It is certainly attractive in its appearance: paper, print, and binding being all in good taste. It is compact, the whole of "Vanity Fair" being compressed into one volume of 676 closely printed pages, but with type so well chosen and paper so suitable to it that it reads very easily; and $1.50 for a volume of this size and quality is a very modest charge.

But Mrs. Ritchie's introductions are the feature of this edition that will give it its most notable pre-eminence. Seeing that none of Thackeray's people are prepared to waive his interdict and give us a good biography, we are duly grateful for every concession that they make. Mrs. Ritchie has already written certain delightful reminiscences of her father, and this set of introductions will be a notable addition to their stock. All this, of course, is "whipping the devil round a stump:" observing Thackeray's interdict formally, and virtually disregarding it. We cannot but think that the more moral as well as the more satisfactory way would have been to write a biography with those reserves which would have been natural for the daughter, while they would have obviated the only objections that her father could have had in mind. As it is, some one else is sure to do, at some time, what Mrs. Ritchie or Mr. Leslie Stephen (whose first wife was Thackeray's daughter) could have done much better, and in the event whatever Mrs. Ritchie writes in these introductions, together with what she has written elsewhere, will be of prime importance.

Her introduction to the present volume covers about thirty pages. It details in Mrs. Ritchie's happiest manner the circumstances under which "Vanity Fair" was written, the author's hopes and fears regarding it, the relation of its incidents to various times and places, and to Thackeray's personal experience. The emphasis is on his life in Weimar. Those of us who like the tune "Hummel" will find Hummel's picture here, as made by Thackeray in one of his letters, an interesting one. It was Hummel who was conducting the orchestra at the opera when Thackeray was in Goethe's famous town. "I have always been told," says Mrs. Ritchie, "that it was 'Mrs. Perkins' ball' that played the part of pilot or steam-tug to that great line-of-battle-ship 'Vanity Fair,' and which brought her in safety off the shoals." In a letter of Thackeray's to his mother there is a very daring criticism of Shakespeare's "Lear" as "bad," and, as played, "a bore," which it might well be without prejudice to the play itself. But certainly his critical acumen was not infallible, seeing that he could imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Barry Cornwall (B. W. Proctor) wrote "Jane Eyre," which was dedicated to him as "Vanity Fair" was to them. He stands up bravely for Amelia in his novel, as saved by the LOVE (he so writes it) that was in her. The introduction closes with a letter from Thackeray to the Duke of Devonshire, giving an account of the fortunes of the *dramatis personæ* in "Vanity Fair" as he anticipated them when he was nearing the conclusion of the novel.

J. W. C.

*Vanity Fair: A Novel Without a Hero.—By William Makepeace Thackeray, with illustrations by the author, and a portrait. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York and London. 1898. Cloth. 8vo. $1.50.

Flowers of the Grasses.*

In this little book of verses and poems, which comes to hand just fresh from the publishers, will be found many familiar favorites from one who is well known to our readers, both in prose and verse.

It is unique and attractive in appearance, being long and narrow in shape, bound in heavy crinkled paper, with one edge of the cover folding over the other like a portfolio. Its size and shape give it the advantage of being easily mailed, and in each copy will be found the author's autograph written by her own hand.

It would be hard to find in any other shape so much sunshine, sincerity and sound ethics put into snug compass ready for use; and wherever civilization is reaching higher, these primary elements which must nourish the roots are greatly in demand. One of the chief blessings of poetry is its power to idealize and beautify the familiar and commonplace, and those whose days are weighted with a round of numberless cares will find here many bright glimpses that will lighten the load by shedding rays of comfort, courage and sweetness into their hearts. If one may not go into the fields for an hour's rest with nature, open here to "The Song of the Grasses," "The Rustle of the Leaves," or "Clover," and let their restfulness find its silent way into the spirit. Each page breathes of hope, though the word itself is hardly to be found. There are "Birthday Verses" for every month in the year and each is characterized by some touch of nature in flower or bird. It is a book for mothers and children to love, while its simplicity and directness of expression, its nearness to life, and its homely themes, appeal widely to lovers of nature and home.

E. T. L.

*Poems.—By Juaniata Stafford. Published by Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago. Price, 75cts.

It is said that an Indiana chemist has discovered a method for treating limestone in such a manner as to make of it a substance very similar to wool. The rock is drawn out until it becomes a fine and pliable fiber, which is capable of being woven, and is of a color most beautiful in its glossy whiteness, while the substance remains soft as wool or feathers. It is not yet known to what purposes altogether this new texture can be applied, but it is more than probable that we have come upon one of the great discoveries of the age. It is at least probable that we shall have fiber which can be woven into a fireproof suit of more than one special adaptation. It will be not only a grand thing for firemen, but it will be an almost indestructible material for laborers' garments. If fireproof, it will be also waterproof. The next thing is for the chemist to turn up who is capable of transforming our phosphatic rocks directly into food material without its being carried through the processes of vegetation.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.
MON.—Write me how many notes there be
In the new robin's ecstasy!
TUES.—To have a smile for mine each day,
How better than a gem!
WED.—What if I file this mortal off,
And wade in liberty?
THURS.—Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,
Thy windy will to bear!
FRI.—Talk reverently to the hungry
Of your viands and your wines.
SAT.—I hope the father in the skies
Will lift his little girl,—
Old-fashioned, naughty, everything,—
Over the stile of pearl!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

Butterflies and Flowers.

And is it true the flowers
Desire to be in air,
And leave their garden bowers—
To wander everywhere?
Ah! all abroad they fly
On varied-colored wings;
Each blossom seems to try
To find a soul for things!

There, there, they go so free,
In pleasure pure and bright,
Leaves from each bush and tree,
The very fays of light;
However brief their stay,
They nothing know of grief,
These children of the May,
Glad butterfly and leaf!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

In Memoriam.

"Thus to the hero martyrs—the brave who lived and died,
To all who bled for freedom's cause, we 'll point with holy pride,
And leaning o'er each silent bed, as here we bend to-day,
We 'll place our choicest garlands o'er their consecrated clay."

Our Brave Soldiers.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburgh.*

An Old Friend.

"At one of the receptions of a senator's wife a countryman was shown into the parlor. He was a 'constituent,' and was dazed by the lights, the crowd, and the elegance about him. He stood helpless and awkward, fumbling with his hat, and shifting his feet in embarrassment.

"The hostess stepped forward, held out both hands, and in her fresh, clear voice cried, after the old Kentucky style, 'Why how do you do? and when did you come?'

"'Lord, child,' he answered, 'how 'd ye know me? I ain't seed you since you was a little thing.'

"'No,' she laughingly answered, 'the last time you saw me, I was up to my elbows in soapsuds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm.'

"The old man smiled. 'I declare,' he said, 'it does my eyes good to look at ye, and find ye ain't a bit stuck up by your fine position.'

"And she made much of the old man, introduced him as 'an old friend of mine,' and made his visit one of the events of his life, at only a trifling cost to herself."—*Exchange.*

A Bee in the Apple Orchard.

One morning in May a bee set out among the flowers on a honey hunt. Perhaps it would be more true to say that the bee set out to hunt for the sweet stuff of which honey is made, for while this sweet stuff is still in the flower cup it is not honey any more than the wheat growing in the field is bread. The wheat becomes bread later, after it has been cut and gathered and threshed and ground, and brought into the kitchen and there changed into bread; the sweet stuff becomes honey only after the bees have carried it home and worked it.

As the bee left home this particular morning, it made up its mind that it would devote itself to the apple blossoms. Did you know that when a bee goes flower visiting it usually gives all its attention to one kind of flower till it has finished that special round of visits? Hundreds of little pink blossoms nodded their heads from the apple orchard. The bee hurried along, for it knew they were waving a welcome, and this was a signal that material for honey-making was at hand. Another minute, and it had settled upon a freshly-opened flower, and was eagerly finding the precious sweet. You know how it is with boys and girls when they are hungry, and it is about the same with bees. Our friend dived right into the pretty flower, brushing rudely in its haste against the little dust boxes. These being full to overflowing with golden dust, spilled their contents, and powdered the bee quite yellow. Having found all the sweet there was, off flew the dusty bee to the next blossom, pushing his way into it, and carrying upon him the golden dust from the other blossom, which was then mixed with the dust of this one. And so it flew from one to another, its rough jacket all glowing with gold, scattering its treasure among the blossoms freely. Nature has ways of making her children help each other when they do not know it. So while the bee is busy getting a supply of sweet, it is helping the blossoms get what they need for making the apples grow. If the yellow dust were not carried from flower to flower there could be no apples.—*Adapted from "Plants and Their Children."*

Every human being we approach should be the better for us.

—*Channing.*

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The good thou would'st another day
Do now. Time flits away!
The friends beloved not always stay.

The nobler, larger life live now;
To thy best self redeem thy vow.
Wear ever Hope upon thy brow.

Thou art not bound by cruel Fates.
Outside the Future's unbarred gates
For thee a blessed angel waits.

She bids thee to the highest rise,
Fill every moment ere it flies,—
Helps thee to win Life's dearest prize.

But if thou heedless pass her by,—
For that lost prize,—ah! vain to try!
O, grasp thy opportunity.

—*Burrill Winslow.*

TUSKEGEE.—One of the Trustees of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., has been engaged during the last two months in making a personal visit to the graduates of the Tuskegee Institute, and his reports show gratifying and surprising results. We give one example, that of a young man who came to Tuskegee ten years ago and worked his way through, taking the academic and agricultural courses. He returned to his home and found a poor three months school taught in a wreck of a log cabin, and the people in debt mortgaging their crops. When the Tuskegee trustee visited this community a few days ago, he found that this young man had bought a farm of fifty acres, had built a nice four-room cottage for himself, that the school term had been extended to seven months and a good school-house erected, and that the colored people were getting out of debt and buying houses.

In order that the Tuskegee Institute may continue this work, which means the salvation of the South, it is most important that Tuskegee Institute be remembered with generous contributions during the present war excitement.

THINGS WANTED.

1. Books and periodicals for the library, Sunday school papers; daily, weekly or monthly papers for our reading-room.
2. Bed clothing of any kind, new or second-hand clothing for needy students.
3. Money in any sums, to help meet current and building expenses.

CHICAGO ETHICAL SOCIETY.—The following is the bulletin of the Ethical Society for June:

June 5th.—Clarence S. Darrow, Esq., "Robert Burns."

12th.—Mrs. Florence Kelley of Hull House, "The Social Duty of the Consumer."

19th.—Mr. Lewis J. Duncan, Lecturer of the Milwaukee Ethical Society, will speak.

26th.—Mr. W. H. Noyes, "Is it Right to Conform?"

West Side Sunday Evening Addresses, 8 p. m., 270 Warren Avenue.

May 1st.—Mrs. Wm. Hill, Chairman of the Collegiate Alumnæ's Committee on Vacation Schools, will speak.

8th.—Mr. A. Bissno, "Socialism."

15th.—Rev. George Brayton Penney.

22d.—Mr. John P. Gavit of Chicago Commons, "Ethical Aspects of the Labor Movement."

29th.—Prof. Charles Zueblin of Chicago University, "Patriotism."

A very substantial help to the society's new enterprise at the Henry Booth House, has come through the gift of a complete set of kindergarten furnishings from the Kirkland School Settlement, 334 Indiana street. This settlement was founded by Miss Kirkland, well known as the principal of the school that bears her name, and, since her death, has been continued in pious devotion to her memory by a sister. The kindergarten outfit, still in excellent condition, was provided by Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, and other ladies, and is now, with their consent, turned over to the Ethical Society, to be used for the same noble humanitarian purposes for which it was first intended.

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Such experiences show the real hypnotic character of habit, and these habits are, to an extent, breaking down the race. When a man shakes off the hypnotism he clearly sees that bounding health and the ability to hold up one's head like a man, to do one's life duty and have the ability to carry out business projects successfully is worth more than all the habits on the face of the earth, when coupled with daily aches and ails and an ever-increasing inability to make things go.

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